

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume III, Number 10

JULY, 1920

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One Dollar and Half per year



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Effective June 1, 1920

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

(NOTICE: These prices are subject to change without notice)

No Scout equipment will be sold without a written O. K. from the Captain.

State Sizes Desired for Uniforms, Hats and Belts

		UNIFORMS		
	Size	Price		
Long Coat Ready Made.....	10-18	\$4.75	Captain's Hat—Official Serge	\$4.00
	38-42	5.25	Khaki Hat (new round shape).....	1.75
Short Coat Ready Made.....	10-18	4.00	Web Belt50
	38-42	4.50	Neckerchiefs, all colors, green, purple, dark blue, khaki,	
Skirt Ready Made	10-18	3.50	pale yellow, cardinal, black, yellow.....	.50
	38-42	4.00	Spiral Puttees (Pair)	2.75
Bloomers Ready Made	10-18	3.00	Canvas Leggings (Pair)	1.00
	38-42	3.25	Haversack No. 1	2.75
Norfolk Suit Ready Made, all sizes.....		12.50	Haversack No. 2	1.50
Norfolk Suit, Made to Measure		19.00	Canteen Tin	1.60
Serge Norfolk Suit, Made to Measure		35.00	Canteen Aluminum	3.50
(For Officers Only)				
Blouse Ready Made	10-18	2.50	NOTICE—The Boy Scout Felt Hat has been officially discontinued as item of stock.	
	28-42	2.75		

BADGES AND INSIGNIA

Tenderfoot Pin (solid gold).....	2.50	Thanks Badge—Solid Gold	5.00
Tenderfoot Pin (gold filled)75	Thanks Badge—Gold Filled75
Tenderfoot Pin (with safety clasp).....	.20	Thanks Badge—Silver75
Tenderfoot Pin (Plain).....	.10	G. S. Embroidered Lapels, per pair.....	.20
Arm Bands15	Attendance Badge, Silver Plated (90% attendance one year)15
Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron, two angles and one bar mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve.....	.30	Attendance Badge, Gold Plated (perfect attendance one year)20
Patrol Leader's Chevron two angles mounted on khaki ready to be sewed on sleeve25	First Class Badge (embroidered in red and orange colored silk on khaki)25
Corporal's Chevron, one bar, mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve20	Second Class Badge (embroidered in green silk on khaki)20
Flower Crests (Name of Troop).....	.15	Proficiency Badges15
G. S. Hat Bands25	G. S. Pin—Brass, each.....	.25
Golden Eaglet	1.50	G. S. Cuff Links, bronze, pair	1.25
Ribbons—Bronze, Blue, Red, Silver, Gold—for Medals..	.05	Life Saving Cross (Bronze) (Silver)	1.00
Commissioner's Armband50	War Service Pin25
Captain's Hat Band—Silk Embd. on khaki.....	.75	Bronze G. S. Lapels, for Capts. only, pair.....	.50
Captain's Insignia without band50	Captain's Pin50
Braid—Black for officers' sleeves10	Lieutenant's Pin50
Bronze Medal of merit (new).....	1.00	Committee Pin75

These Badges Sold Only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards

LITERATURE

Troop Register Loose Leaf, provides complete records for 4 patrols	2.00	Posters—Illustrating Scout Activities	5.00
Additional sheets, each03	Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
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Attendance Record Sheets, each.....	.03	Semaphore Cards05
Attendance Record 2nd Sheets, each.....	.03	Semaphore and Morse Code Pocket Signal charts, each..	.15
Cash Record Sheets, each03	Lots of 10 or more, each.....	.10
Poster, Girl Scout25	Girl Scout Play (by Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
Patrol Register, each15	Lots of ten or more10
First Aid Book50	Health Record Books10
New Girl Scout Handbook.....	.75	Lots of 12	1.00
Postage on Single Copy Handbook, 10c East of Mississippi River; 20c, West.		Training Course for Captains15
		Girl Scout Postal Cards.....	2 for 5

FLAGS

Troop Flags, 22 x 36 in., blue and white sterling bunting (unlettered) Scout emblem in gold sewed on a green back ground	2.50	Semaphore Flags, per pair.....	.75
Lettering per Letter10	Morse Code Flags, each.....	.60
Troop Flag (3x5) all wool.....	7.25	American Flags—wool 3 ft. by 5 ft.....	4.60
Troop Flag (3 x 5) wool and cotton	5.00	American Flags—2 ft. by 3 ft.....	2.70
Lettering, each15	American Flags—silk 3 ft. by 5 ft.....	22.00
Troop Pennant—made with any troop number.....	1.50	American Flags—heavy silk 3 ft. by 5 ft.....	45.00
		Troop Flags—heavy silk 3 ft. by 5 ft.....	45.00

SONGS

"Onward"15	"On the Trail"05
"America, the Beautiful"05	Songs of Enrollment10
"Oh, Beautiful Country"05	Six Songs for You04
Girl Scout Songs.....	.04	Six Songs for You—Lots of 10 or more, each.....	.03
Lots of 10 or more, each03	Song, To America, copy.....	.25

MISCELLANEOUS

Khaki—Heavy for Officers—28 in. width.....	1.00	Handkerchiefs, embroidered with G. S. emblem in colors	
Khaki, per yard, 36 inches wide.....	.65	Linen40
Pattern—Coat, Skirt, or Bloomer, all sizes.....	.15	Cotton25
Stockings, cotton	1.00	Knitting Bags, Khaki, with stencilled G. S. emblem.....	.50
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Rings, G. S. Seal, 10K Gold.....	4.00	First Aid Kit No. 2, Army style.....	.65
Wrist Watches—7 Jewel, Nickel.....	5.00	First Aid Pouch50
Wrist Watches—7 Jewel, Sterling Silver.....	7.00	Stationery in Handy Lap Box, with G. S. Emblem.....	.50
Wrist Watches—15 Jewel, Nickel.....	9.00	Scout Axe	1.50
Waterproof Poncho	6.00	Rope (Scout guide) 15 ft. long, with ring for belt.....	.50
Wrist Watches—15 Jewel, Sterling Silver—Square.....	12.00	Wool Army Blanket	7.50
		Polo Blanket	9.00

Cash must accompany all orders.

No charge or C. O. D. orders will be accepted.

Enclose postage with your order

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LETTERS ABOUT OUR NEW NAME

Wouldn't you like to know how other girls feel about changing the name of THE RALLY to THE AMERICAN GIRL?

We are sure that you will be interested to read the letters given below, which speak for themselves.

A scout from Minneapolis is most enthusiastic: "I will never stop taking THE RALLY, and of course when it changes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, which is said to be better than THE RALLY, I will continue with it until I am gray-haired. I believe I owe to THE RALLY the energy I had to work for my proficiency badges."

A New York scout says: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please renew my subscription for one year to THE AMERICAN GIRL. My subscription does not expire for quite a while, but I could not refuse such an offer as you gave in the May RALLY. I am so glad that the magazine is to be enlarged as it is a good one already. I am sure none of us ought to refuse the offer in last month's RALLY."

South Carolina Scouts like the idea as you will see by the following letter from Ridge Spring: "Enclosed find money order for one dollar to renew my subscription to THE RALLY (new name THE AMERICAN GIRL) after my present subscription expires."

"I wish to take advantage of the chance to get this paper before it goes up."

"I don't know of any paper I enjoy reading more."

A former Girl Scout captain, from Bloomington, Ind., who wants to keep in touch with Scouting through the new magazine writes as follows:

"As I am not in Wheeling now I resigned my captaincy and cannot send in subscriptions for my girls; however, I want mine to continue and must congratulate you upon the change of name. I think it is much better!"

Schuylkill Haven, Pa., has sent in several renewal subscriptions. One of the girls says, "I am very eager to get the paper as I do so enjoy the Scouting news. I have always taken pleasure in getting THE RALLY and I am sure the new paper will be still more enjoyable."

A little girl from Lexington, Va., writes: "In March I ordered THE RALLY and have enjoyed every number. I saw in the last number about changing the name of THE RALLY to THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am so glad there are to be more stories in the magazine. I hope they won't cut out any of the Scout news. I am sending you a dollar bill for my subscription for THE AMERICAN GIRL for the year 1921."

"Thank you for publishing so fine a magazine; all of our patrol have read and reread every month's RALLY."

Hingham, Mass., scouts are pleased: "We are very proud of our Scout magazine and are glad that it is growing so fine and interesting. Every copy is better than the last, and the day the 'RALLY' comes is always looked forward to. I sincerely give you my best wishes for the success of THE AMERICAN GIRL."

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Captains, please notice: When sending in the registration fees for your troop, will you please indicate what each dollar is for: Such as, 11 girls at 25c = \$2.75; Captain's and Lieutenant's fees at 50c = \$1.00; "American Girl" troop registration fee = \$1.00; total, \$4.75.

If you will kindly do this, it will enable National Headquarters to be more efficient in getting your troops registered. Do not forget to include the troop registration fee!

READ WHAT MR. HOOVER THINKS OF THE GIRL SCOUTS

115 Broadway,
New York City.

Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin,
Director, Girl Scouts,
189 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Rippin:—

In answer to your kind letter of June 1, 1920, I take great pleasure in giving you my views with regard to the value of the Girl Scout Movement.

I have followed with great interest the Girl Scout Movement during the last few years and can testify to the admirable services which the Girl Scouts rendered during the war. The movement is practicable, of real value from an educational point of view for the girls themselves, and of national service in that it trains girls to be better equipped to meet the fundamental problems of life. The activities in which they make themselves proficient, including home nursing, dietetics, child-care, First Aid, buying, cooking, and serving foods, should make them better mothers, better wives and better citizens. The Girl Scouts can do much toward making real greater thrift and greater economy throughout the nation."

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

GOLDEN EAGLET.

Gerturde Jay, Troop 36, Bronx.
Sophia Livshatz, Troop 36, Bronx.
Lila C. Barnett, Troop 2, E. Cleveland.
Marino Hunt, Troop 2, E. Cleveland.
Dorothy McCormack, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Jane Batlin, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Margaret Snow, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Katherine McKee, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Lu Del Bodin, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Marjorie Beulah Mohr, Troop 3, Athens, Ohio.
Lettilda I. Wareheim, Troop 10, Baltimore, Md.
Elizabeth S. Beasley, Troop 10, Baltimore, Md.
Margaret W. Ebaugh, Troop 15, Baltimore, Md.
Kate E. Ebaugh, Senior Troop, Baltimore, Md.
Anita Biemiller, Troop 14, Baltimore, Md.

MEDALS OF MERIT

Scholarship
Gertrude Gander, Troop 3, Bowling Green, Ohio.

(Continued on page 18)

A FAIR EXCHANGE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

FATHER!"

"Well?"

"You're not going down for Harriet in that old wagon?"

"What's the matter with it? Why not? I thought I'd bring up some flour and some ice from the store," said Mr. Hoyt easily, turning to his pretty, scowling daughter in the doorway.

She stared for a moment at his kindly sunburned face, and then shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Oh, very well," she muttered angrily, "very well! I thought since we had a buckboard, new this spring—"

"But I couldn't get the ice into that, Sadie, and you wanted the ice," he explained, with a glance of pride meanwhile at the sleek handsome team pawing before the neat strong wagon shining from its weekly washing. Farmer Hoyt loved his horses, and they were good ones, too. "I don't believe a city girl will object to these fellows," he said, "and the trunks, you know, they'll take up room."

He whipped up and left her scowling in the doorway.

"It's no use," she said, hopelessly, "she'll see from the start what country folks we are!"

"Why shouldn't she, then?" called her mother from the kitchen.

"If you think for a moment, Sadie, that we can change all our ways for a girl of eighteen, and try to pretend that we're city people with six servants and a butler—"

But Sadie was on the piazza, unusually broad and pleasant for a farm-house, and was already deep in a novel. Mrs. Hoyt shook her head doubtfully.

"I hope Harriet won't put any more finicky notions into her—she's got too many now," she thought. "I wish we could afford a good school for her. Perhaps if Tom can sell the East Lot she could have a year or two."

Tom was cheerfully humming in the green wagon, and the long-tailed chestnuts were racing gaily along the wood road. He loved it, every bend of it, every glint of dappled sky through the branches. He never ceased to bless the day when nervous prostration drove him from the bustling heated city to live in the only place he could—the country. He brought his pale little boys and

his sickly baby girl and began to make a new life for them on the neat little farm he had put all his earnings into. And he had never had an unhappy day there. His father's blood was farming blood, and he carried on the old Vermont stock.

WOULD you rather live in the city or the country?

Harriet sighed for green fields, whereas Cousin Sadie thought that city girls had all the fun. In this story each one of them learns some surprising things.

He never envied William, who had grown from an office boy to a mighty banker; he only wished sometimes that Sadie could love the country better, or have the advantages of her Cousin Harriet, since she could not.

He pulled up at the little covered platform that was the only railway station, and looked about him.

"A lot of trunks," Sadie had warned him, "and perhaps a maid. Aunt Hatty had a maid when they came up, so long ago, you know."

And Sadie had worried so much about her own clothes and drawn such highly colored sketches of her cousin's probable wardrobe that her father half expected to find some gorgeous ball-costume waiting him and the chestnuts on the platform.

But there were only a trunk and an alligator-skin bag there, and he turned the horses and sat comfortably to wait for the train. On the other side of the road were the "store" and the ice-barn; farther along the little church, and then a straggling row of houses. Then the green fields and the long scented wood-road. He got down from the high seat and strolled over the store. The clerk and his slouching, angular employer were both occupied in serving one customer.

"Well, you see, Miss, you'll just hev to wait half an hour and then the delivery wagon'll be back, and Henry'll take you up. Job Bart's horse is bein' shod and Job's tender of him anyhow, and William Jackson's hayin', and he's taken all the other horses—how do, Mr. Hoyt, here's someone for you, now!"

A tall, slender girl turned about and came quickly toward him.

"Is it Uncle Tom?" she said. Mr. Hoyt stared at her. If any girl could exactly and minutely resemble his brother William and yet make an exceedingly nice-looking womanly girl, this girl had done it.

He held out his arms.

"You're William's daughter, and no mistake!" he said, and kissed her warmly. Then he held her off at arm's length, and looked her over.

Dark and slim, with a low coil of brown hair under her walking-hat, a stiff, white collar under her firm little chin, a wood-brown jacket and skirt and trim alligator belt, and loose dogskin gloves swinging in her slim hand with the little emerald band on one finger, she was a pretty little traveler—a veritable nut-brown maid. The cuffs and collar of the crisp shirt-waist beneath the jacket added to the boyish look of William that gleamed in her brown eyes.

"I'm so glad to be here!" she said, delightedly. "I'm going to have the nicest time, meeting you all and getting acquainted! I've any amount of messages from papa," and they left the store.

Mr. Hoyt felt strangely pleased. He realized that he had dreaded this visitor not a little till now. She caught sight of the horses fretting at the delay and pawing the ground nervously.

"Are those ours? Oh, Uncle Tom, what beauties! Aren't they splendid? May I drive them? I can drive a little. There, there! stand still, you handsome things!" and she grasped the bits and soothed them while the trunk was lifted in.

Uncle Tom's sense of relief melted into downright pleasure.

"Yes, they're very decent beasts," he said, with pride. "I'm proud of them myself. I wish Sadie liked them as well as you do," he added, as she administered a final pat to each glossy neck and climbed up beside him.

"Doesn't she care for horses?" asked the girl, and before he could warn her she had gathered up the reins and tightened them. The chest nuts reared and dashed off, but before his hand could clutch the reins she had pulled them in and was managing them with the skill of a veteran driver. Her uncle's eyes lighted up.

(Continued on page 12)



Does your daughter slight her bath?
Do not fall on her in wrath;
Shake your head and say, "Dear,
dear!
There's your Health Badge gone, I
fear!"

Does her skin come out in spots?
Don't buy cream in little pots;
Say, "The best of all cosmetics
Are the Girl Scout Troop athletics!"

Is she always late for meals?
Do not waste maternal squeals:
"Punctuality, my pet,
Is the Girl Scouts' first, best bet!"

HINTS TO SCOUT MOTHERS

Does she wear her heels too high?
Slowly, wisely, wink your eye:
"Pumps upon a Girl Scout hiker,
Indicate an awful piker!"

Does she hate to cook and sew?
Say, "It isn't hard, you know,
Just to fit yourself to pass
To a real Girl Scout, First Class!"

Is she cross to little brother?
Say, "I'll be a real Scout mother,
And lend the child—because, the
fact is,
You'll need him for your Child Care
practice!"

Nothing is so good as Scouting,
Both for prinking and for pouting;
If we mothers tried it, too,
'Twould be good for me and you!

By A MOTHER OF A SCOUT.

WORKING TOGETHER

WHEN I was asked to write about Scout mothers and daughters, I asked my own Scout daughter if we were good enough examples to dare express an opinion worth listening to. We decided, and the vote was unanimous, that we fell far short of our ideal, but we were also of one mind in our absolute conviction that we would not go back to the old days before we were Scouts. And we always keep hoping that some day we may come within hailing distance, at least, of that ideal Scout we both believe in with all our hearts, and so we feel that possibly our experience might help some other Scout mother and daughter to find the inspiration we have found in working out these splendid ideals together.

All the great ethical principles expressed in our Promise and Law, are principles every right thinking mother tries to teach her daughter—and it is not so easy! Unless she is the wisest sort of a mother, she is apt to make that daughter feel, many times, that after all, these things are not necessary, but her mother's own personal ideas.

But when she goes into a Scout Troop, and begins to learn with a group of girls, these self-same things, and comes to realize that all over the world other girls are *learning* and *living* these things, she begins to say to herself—"Mother was right after all." At once she has greater respect for mother's judgment. This is where the Scout

mother scores over the mother who is not a Scout. She goes right on with her daughter, admitting frankly that she, also, fails, but bravely keeping on hand in hand, more her comrade than ever before.

My own experience is that many a long weary hour has been avoided by just this remark, "Are we living our Law." Supposing I were not a Scout—then I would have to say, "Are you living your Law." All the difference in the world lies right there, the first question comes from one Scout to another,—the second is like a whip from the outside.

(MRS. ETHELWYN ROBBINS,
Commissioner, Brookline, Mass.)

WHAT A SCOUT MOTHER CAN DO

WHAT can Scout mothers do to help in a practical way? It is a big question and I find the ways are almost unlimited. It is a fine thing for one or two or even more of the mothers to take patrols off for a day's hike and picnics in the woods with fire building and cooking over the fire, signaling, games, story telling and singing; then, home again; tired but happy.

Then, there are the over-night hikes if any Scout is fortunate enough to have a mother who is ready and willing to go or one who knows something of bird lore to take them

for an early morning walk. These hikes are good for making flower collections for Merit Badges.

If there is a mother who swims well, she can take charge of several girls who are learning to swim.

Each mother, I am sure, has some bit she can contribute to the welfare of the Girl Scouts in her community—if it is no more than gathering flowers for a Scout entertainment. The thing is, to show in a tangible way that she is *really* interested and we cannot be interested except by *doing*.

It is a wonderful thing to know the birds, trees and flowers intimately, the art of building and cooking over a fire out-of-doors, or sleeping in the open, of becoming so familiar with bees, bugs and beetles that the sight of them does not send you off into hysterics.

Therefore, Scout mothers, we need all the help you can possibly give to further this Girl Scout Movement.

(MRS.) SELINA C. CURTIS
Commissioner, Pleasantville, N. Y.



THE SCOUT SCRAP BOOK



AM I AN AMERICAN?
My daddy was an Englishman,
My ma from Canada came,
But nevertheless I'm American
In heart and work and name!

FLORENCE L. HAINES,
Troop 1, Peabody, Mass.

McLEANSBORO, ILL.

We think we have reason to be proud of some of our recent activities, and of course we want to tell them.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," I believe they say.

During the March winds we had had our eyes filled full of dust when coming to school in the mornings. That gave us an idea. We wrote up a petition to our "city dads," asking that all rubbish and foreign matter be cleaned from the streets. That started things. The Woman's Club took it up and held a joint meeting with the Girl Scouts; then the City Council acted upon it.

Don't forget our southern Illinois Troop.

We are now preparing for our camping trip and shall use some of the ideas from the camping number of THE RALLY.

AN HOUR OF SCOUTING.

One of the hours of Scouting which I most enjoyed occurred last summer while I was at camp.

Every week when new girls would come to camp, the others would try to make their first day as pleasant as possible. All day there was such mystery in the air that the newcomers could hardly wait until evening when they were told they should have a surprise. The flaps of one of the sleeping tents were closed fast and much whispering and scurrying about could be heard from within; but try as they might the new girls could not find out what it was all about.

After mess the ones who were to be surprised were taken for a short hike to town. This gave the others more time to prepare.

When the girls came back the great secret was revealed. The tent flaps were thrust aside and out marched the funniest dolls you ever saw. There were colored, dancing

Chinese, Japanese, French, soldier and sailor dolls.

The costumes were very ingenious for a camp wardrobe does not contain party dresses or Hallowe'en costumes. For instance, a piece of mosquito netting thrown over a pink kimono makes a wonderful evening gown. The mosquito netting was our chief source of supply. All colored ribbons were put to good use.

But I forgot to say that this was a doll shop and we soon had a customer. A little girl came with her mother to pick out a doll. She certainly was hard to suit. The shop-keeper marched everyone to the front and put them through their tricks before she decided to take the sailor doll which was as big as herself. The little play ended amid much applause.

Then the girls begged Mr. Green, our cook, for a story and he certainly did tell an exciting one.

Soon we all bid goodnight to each other. After the first confusion of getting ones own clothes, everything was quiet and we hoped that the new girls had enjoyed their first day in camp.

VIRGINIA A. DAIRE,
Troop 2, New Brunswick, N. J.

A REAL AMERICAN
R—eady for the signal,
E—ach shall hear the call,
A—t the sound of bugles
L—et your playthings fall.

A—ct upon the moment!
M—ake your country proud!
E—very minute should be spent
R—eaching to the crowd.
I—nterpreting the bugle call—
C—ome and be a scout.
A—mericans each and all,
N—ow let's hear you shout.

GIRL SCOUTS!

DOROTHY J. OCHS,
Troop 2, Jersey City, N. J.

SISTER TROOPS

How about sister troops? It's great to bind new troops together! Let us tell you how we did it.

Troop 8 is about one of the finest troops in this city. It is now four years old and possesses three of the golden eaglets in Greater New York. Needless to say it has ample experience in all branches of Scouting, and just radiates with the true Scout spirit.

Now one of the girls who was very enthusiastic about spreading Scouting got connected with the Richmond Hill Settlement and organized scouts there. The girls were all very young, between the ages of ten and fourteen, and knew nothing at all about Scouting. Here is where Troop 8 came in as big sister. They saw what a difficult task the young captain had taken upon herself, so wanted to co-operate as much as possible.

They certainly have proved a splendid big sister. First of all they gave an entertainment in the Settlement House to arouse interest in Scouting and to raise some money for uniforms for the new scouts. Then they urged the new scouts to work for Second Class and merit badges. To show the deep interest of Troop 8 their captain assisted at the investiture of the new scouts. Besides helping in formal ceremonies, different members of Troop 8 have accompanied us on hikes and other scout pleasures.

CAPTAIN I. S.,
Troop 115, New York City.

WANTED!

Contribution for The Scout Scrap book for September. Letters—not over 300 words long; "A Summer Experience."

Photographs (must be sharp) or Drawing; "A Summer Experience."

Verses—not over 24 lines long. Must contain the title "A Summer Experience."

All contributions must be received by August 10th. The best material will appear in the September Number. Address: The AMERICAN GIRL, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Contributions must be original. Read above rules carefully. Unavailable material cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed.

OUR HIKE

We are Girl Scouts, happy and gay,
We went on a hike one fine spring day.

Our destination was called Mill Pond,
Of that little spot many scouts are fond.

This we thought a fine little nook,
To build a fire where we could cook.

When hunting for water to drink,
cool and clear,

We met two boys who were camping near.

They showed us the path to a tiny spring,

Where the rippling water did merrily sing.

Soon we could smell a burning oak,
Then our eyes were blinded with smoke.

I cried, "The fire is from the boys' camp,"

But it didn't go far for the ground was damp.

After the fire had been driven back,
We found nothing burned but an old knapsack!

And so we traveled our way along,
Singing and shouting our good scout song.

We saw in the west a bright red glow,

And reached our doors as the sun sank low.

MARION KELLY,
Troop 1, Hampton, Va.

VACATION

Although this was received too late for our June issue, we are inserting it now as it is still "Vacation time."

To most scouts the word "vacation" means summer and Calemaco. To Troop nine, Queens, it means Easter and Belle Terre.

Troop nine has one of the best captains there is. The week before Easter her family turned over to the scouts their summer home at Belle Terre, near Port Jefferson, N. J.

For that week the scouts hiked or rode horseback during the day and in the evening sat around an open fire, singing. One night there was a masquerade, another, midnight spread, again impromptu plays, a serenade, at 12, a supper party, a pillow fight, and one night when some girls went to bed early and were peacefully snoring the others came up and parts of beds were mysteriously missing while strange things were substituted, things such as hair brushes, golf clubs and even an alarm clock!

A regular camp schedule was run

from first call at 6:10 for the K. P's to Taps at 9:30 (although often it was after 9:30). The two girls who did the best work for a day, taking care of the fire, washing dishes, or cooking were rewarded by a trip to the village with the captain.

There was plenty of bed making for the Tenderfoot scouts and cooking, too, in preparation for their tests. Every morning before breakfast immediately after setting-up exercises, they had signal practice.

On Saturday, April third, the girls packed up, and after a glorious week of Scouting with their much appreciated captain, left Belle Terre singing:

There's a long, long trail a winding
From Richmond Hill to Belle Terre.
But the scouts will hike it gladly,
For they love it there,
There are pots and pans and dishes
Fires to make, and floors to do,
But do the scouts love Belle Terre?
Well! You bet your life they do!

THE GIRL SCOUT'S AIM

A Girl Scout's thought and principles

Are higher than the trees,—
There're deeper than the bluest clouds,

As sweet as dawn's first breeze.

No Girl Scout's education
Is said to be complete
Until she's climbed, yet, not in vain
The highest mountain peak.

She's breathed the mountain's rarest air,

Has drunk from pure sourced brooks,
She's watched the forming of the clouds,

Has studied more than books.

Her one great aim is girlhood
In her buoyant, youthful strife,
Is to understand, "just nature,"
Our great resource of life.

MARION E. AGNEW,
Troop 30, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAPPY GIRL SCOUTS

Life is most what one makes it,
So we'll all give a shout,
That the best girl on earth,
Is the happy "Girl Scout."

M. E. A.

OUR THIRD SCOUT LAW

A little incident at the big Memorial Day Festival, held in Madison Square Garden, will show how our Scout Laws make the Scouts stand out before all other organizations. One of the biggest features of the Festival was the chorus of 1500 voices. Of course each singer had a book of music. After the Festival all the singers hurried off the platform, leaving their books. These singers were all members of some patriotic organization, including Girl Scouts. One of our Scout Captains saw the orchestra leader look askance at the hundreds of music books to be collected. She quickly got one patrol of scouts together, and with practical obedience to their law of helpfulness, in about fifteen minutes, all the books were collected and piled neatly on the piano. This was not a deed of glory, but I am sure many spectators who saw these helpful scouts, realize better now what scouts stand for.

CAPTAIN.
New York City

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Girl Scouts are determined that their activities shall be limitless. Some of them have taken to carpentry, and Hazel Dubiel and Helen Radtke, members of Troop 8 have demonstrated their ability along this line by building a shack in the former's back yard. Clad in overalls, and armed with hammer and nails, the two scouts began their task on a Thursday, "laid off Friday, and completed it Saturday." The Girl Scouts of Troop 3 will be entertained in this shack soon. The place is already furnished and has dishes neatly arranged along the walls.



Real Americans at Camp Bonnie Brae, Massachusetts.

SCOUTING ACTIVITIES IN MINNESOTA

Edited by Marjorie Edgar, *Director*, 89 South 10th Street
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE MAY COUNCIL MEETING

At the May meeting of the Girl Scouts' Council, Mrs. Charles Pillsbury was elected chairman of the camp committee. The other members of the committee are: Miss Audrey Walton, who will act as camp manager throughout the season, June 20 to August 24, Miss Arline Wright, her assistant, and the captains who will accompany the campers. Each group will remain in the camp at Orchard Lake one week.

Mrs. Lillian Greenleaf, chairman of the education committee, was given power to add to that committee members of the Parents' and Teachers' Association who would be willing to serve on the Council the coming year. Mrs. Greenleaf always speaks a good word for Scouting in addressing the P. T. A. on Moral Education, thereby giving wide publicity to the G. S. movement, and a valuable "close up" to the ones really concerned and interested.

Girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen are out-stripping their elders in passing all their requirements for membership in the Girl Scout Life-Saving Corps, according to the report by Miss Ruth Sampson, chairman of the Life-Saving Committee. As soon as there are ten women, of at least eighteen years of age enrolled, the corps will be chartered by the American Red Cross.

The Council voted a leave of absence to our Director Miss Marjorie Edgar, who sailed for England on June 5. Miss Edgar will visit and work with the Girl Guides to get first hand knowledge of their organization and activities. Undoubtedly her experiences will greatly benefit Minneapolis Scouts who wish her the best trip ever.

FIELD DAY AND COURT OF HONOR

May 22 was the date set for Field Day, but wind, thunder and a heavy rain at two o'clock sent a hundred or more Scouts on the run to shelter better than that afforded by Loring Park. The Field Day and Court of Honor exercises were combined on the following Saturday, May 29. After the formal opening Miss Margaret Chapman, Miss Annie Ford, Mrs. A. W. Strong and Mrs. John

T. Baxter awarded proficiency badges to:—

Phyllis Sargent, Troop 7, Central High School, Badges, Archery, Home Nursing.

Ruth Hanson, Troop 8, Rosedale School, Badges, Cooking, Personal Health.

Lillian Carlson, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Cooking, Housekeeper, Gardener.

Dorothy Case, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Cooking, Housekeeper, Sewing.

Alice Chamberlain, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Athletics, Cyclist, Home Nursing, Housekeeper, Gardener.

Martha Davis, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Cooking, Interpreter in Yiddish, Sewing.

Ruth Evidon, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, First Aid.

Pearl Goldman, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Attendance 90 per cent., Housekeeper, Interpreter in Yiddish.

Zelda Hoffman, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Home Nursing.

Mollie Rabuchin, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Personal Health.

Anna Ravitsky, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Home Nursing.

Sadie Shapiro, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Attendance Perfect, Personal Health, Housekeeper, Home Nursing, Music.

Captain Mrs. Walter Nold, Troop 9, Wells Memorial, Badges, Cooking, Housekeeper, Sewing.

Marie Afreith, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Civics, Invalid Cooking, Laundress.

Melba Batdorf, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Home Nursing, Attendance 90 per cent.

Hazel Christianson, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Home Nursing.

Jeannette LaBreche, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Perfect Attendance.

Bernice Lindboe, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Perfect Attendance, Home Nursing, Music.

Ardythe Miller, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Attendance 90 per cent., Home Nursing.

Captain Eleanor Hainer, Troop 16, Bremer School, Badges, Clerk, Interpreter.

Corice Woodruff, Troop 19, Douglas School, Badges, Archery, First Aid, Interpreter in French.

Olive Crocker, Troop 20, George Bancroft School, Badges, Perfect Attendance, First Aid.

Inga Halleen, Troop 20, George Bancroft School, Badges, Interpreter in Swedish, Attendance 90 per cent.

Harriet Johnson, Troop 20, George Bancroft School, Badges, Music, Bird Study.

Captain Margarette Morse, Troop 20, George Bancroft School, Badges, Bird Study, Sewing.

Cora Van Raalte, Troop 22, Washington Neighborhood House, Badges, Swimming.

Dorothy Christensen, Troop 21, Bryant School, Badges, Attendance 2nd yr., Home Nursing.

Cecelia Levitt, Troop 37, North High School, Badges, Home Nursing, Interpreter in Hebrew.

Gertrude Schuppel, Troop 37, North High School, Badges, Artist, Boatswain, Home Nursing, Music, Pathfinder, Pioneer.

Ethelwyn Sutton, Troop 37, North High School, Badges, Boatswain, Pioneer.

Captain Lydia Thompson, Troop 37, North High School, Badges, Home Nursing.

Marjorie Berkstrom, Troop 48, Simmon School, Badges, Archery.

Geneva Swalm, Troop 48, Simmons School, Badges, Archery.

Helen Baldwin, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Home Nursing, Swimming.

Lida Burrill, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Cooking, Invalid Cooking, Laundress, Home Nursing, Sewing.

Virginia Dustin, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Archery.

Alice Dyer, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Invalid Cooking, Laundress, Home Nursing, Sewing.

Mildred Jaynes, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Home Nursing, Swimming.

Winifred Hughes, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Home Nursing.

Gladys Kuehne, Troop 52, University High School, Badges, Invalid Cooking, Home Nursing.

Rhodora Davis, Troop 59, West High School, Badges, First Aid.

Geneva Stromme, Troop 59, West High School, Badges, First Aid.

Katharine Rundell, Troop 62, Gethsemane Church, Badges, Swimming.

Elisabeth Scott, Troop 62,

(Continued on page 18)

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
NANCY B. WADDELL
Director

COURT OF HONOR

At the Court of Honor held in Philadelphia May 29 the following efficiency badges were awarded:

First Class	12
Ambulance	36
Artist	15
Athletics	1
Automobiling	4
Bird Study	5
Boatswain	1
Child Nurse	20
Civics	6
Clerk	1
Cook	21
Cyclist	5
Electricity	1
Farmer	8
Gardener	2
Home Nurse	5
Horsemanship	2
Housekeeper	22
Interpreter	1
Invalid Cooking	84
Laundress	83
Music	24
Naturalist	11
Needlewoman	22
Pathfinder	2
Personal Health	2
Public Health	31
Signaling	4
Swimming	3

FIELD DAY

One of the very biggest events of the year in Philadelphia Scouting is the annual Field Day Meet, when all the troops of the city vie with one another for first place in Scout craft and athletics. Prior to this day the eight districts of the city hold district meets to determine which troop is the best in the district for a certain event. This day proved to be a great success, and added much enthusiasm to the new troops and awakened interest among all. After a day of excitement and hard work all were satisfied with the judgment passed as to which troop would represent the district on June 26.

The meet was held at Belmont Plateau, Fairmount Park, on the afternoon, when 3,000 Scouts passed in front of the review stand where the

Executive Council, Council and Men's Advisory Board view the parade. The Santa Monica's Fife and Drum Corp of seventy-four pieces furnished the music for the day. Thousands of spectators were present and greatly interested in the various forms of Scoutcraft demonstrated and in the efficiency of the Scouts. Many comments were made as to the form in which the meet was carried out and the high morale of the Scouts under pressure of excitement.

A weekly moving picture company and newspaper reporters were busy snapping events and scenes.

Shall we tell you how the plan went off with military precision? We had a large square roped off, and in this all the events took place. In special places outside the rope the district troops were stationed, a placard with their number gave the stray Scout the sign where to report. Then each district director had a special event in charge. Prior to an event the district director having that one in charge would have a placard with the name of the event on it held up.



A First Aid Demonstration at Field Day.

All Scouts to participate reported to her. She inspected to see that everything was in perfect order then at a signal from the director marched the Scouts to her, the director giving the signal for the event to be started. Then they were marched off as soon as the judges had passed the verdict. All this time another district leader was going through this same preliminary as the first director, so there was no time of waiting between the scenes.

It was a glorious day—the viewing of several thousand girls full of joy and enthusiasm of life as Girl Scouts whose aim and ambition was seen on their glowing faces—to excel in Scoutcrafts! And oh, if only you could have heard them singing the Girl Scout Song and giving their thrilling yells for Girl Scouts of Philadelphia. The banner was won this time by Troop No. 103—there is now a tie between Troops 24 and 103, each having won the contest four times. Let's watch them or I wonder if another troop can't step in and surprise them!

THE FARMERS OF TROOP 127 FOX CHASE

Just now most of the girls of Troop 127, Fox Chase, are busily keeping the weeds from choking their tiny seedlings of peas, beans, corn, flowers, etc. I can hear some say, "What do Scouts know about farming?"

Well! I would like very much to take any one interested to see some of the gardens of Troop 127. We have amateur farmers, having plots from 20 to 40 feet, also professional ones, working side by side with the men on a farm of five to forty acres. So I can show you all stages of development. Naturally the girls who are professional were raised on a farm, hence the height of their attainment.

Now is the trying time, for the plants must get enough nourishment to grow large and full in order to bear the flowers and fruit, so each girl must be ready with hoe and cultivator to pluck out the weeds which so rapidly spring up.

Knowing now what the girls of Troop 127 are doing individually and co-operatively you can scarcely be surprised when I mention that seven girls have successfully passed their tests as farmers, and you would not be satisfied unless I mention just who those girls are: Ellen Martin, Helen Richter, Marie Fleishmann, Clara Fleishmann, Katherine Rush, Esther Plenderleith and Kathryn Pendleton.

So all through the summer I expect these girls and many others in the troop to gather strength, ambition, happiness and inspiration from Mother Nature.

HONOR ROLL

The following troops received over 80% for inspection during the month of May: Troop 42, 94%; Troop 97, 93%; Troop 86, 86%; Troop 11, 86%; Troop 198, 83%; Troop 24, 80%; Troop 28, 80%.



The Girl Scouts of Troop 127 have splendid gardens! Read about them above.

FIRST AID TO KITTIE JAMES

The Story of a Girl Who Dreaded "Exams"

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

PART TWO

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch.

READ THIS FIRST

Kittie James, who attended St. Catherine's Boarding School for Girls, did not like to study. The girls spent many hours in her room trying on clothes and having wonderful spreads when she should have been studying. Kittie was always glad to stop working and welcomed them with open arms. However, when the time for examinations arrived Kittie became almost ill with dread and the girls—May Iverson, who writes the story, and her friends Mabel Muriel Murphy, Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce—offered to give her private lessons in the studies in which they were most proficient. They tutored her before breakfast, at noon during recreation hour, and from supper until long after bed time. At first Kittie thought it was going to be fun, but when the girls started in earnestly she decided otherwise, and became really ill with hard work. However, the girls kept steadily at it until examination time, not even allowing her to rest.

THUS the weary month passed; we hadn't a single good time in it. I was so tired every evening that I continued to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Maudie and Mabel Muriel slept as long as they dared in the morning because of the late hours they had to keep at night. Finally examinations came.

It was a written examination, and the first subject was rhetoric. We had a morning on that, from nine to twelve, and we were given a list of ten questions to answer, and they covered the whole course we had taken. Kittie James sat just across from me, and, oh, how can I, young and inexperienced as I am, find words to tell the joy and pride that filled my heart when I saw the child writing away for dear life, with a smile of happiness on her sweet lips! I knew she knew every one of the answers, for I did myself, and we had gone over them again and again together. We both finished our paper at eleven o'clock, an hour before the others did, so we handed them in and were excused and went out in the hall and hugged

each other hard, and Kittie was real grateful again—the first time she had been for weeks. Then we strolled about the grounds with our arms around each other, and we went all over the questions and our answers (you can, of course, after the papers have been handed in), and we saw that we were all right and sure to pass, so we sang and danced in our girlish joy. When the other girls came out they looked worried, and went right off to study history, which we were to have in the afternoon. They didn't say much to Kittie and me, but we did not mind. We were too happy.

At one o'clock we were in our seats again for the examination in history, and each of us got a slip with ten questions written out. I will admit at once, as I strive to be true to life, that those questions worried me dreadfully. They sounded natural, and I knew I had known the answers once, but, somehow, I couldn't remember them now, and I felt all mixed up. So I chewed my pen-holder and thought and thought. Kittie James wrote as fast as she could, and every now and then she looked over at me and nodded and smiled the way she did in the morning, but I did not smile back. I was too busy. So at last she caught Mabel Muriel's eye, and Mabel Muriel smiled and nodded and wrote fast the way Kittie was doing; and at three they had both finished, and they handed in their papers and got excused, and went out under the trees. I could see them through a window near me, and they were laughing and hugging each other. It made me feel almost bitter to realize how thoughtless some girls are when their dear companions are in trouble, but let us hope the careless children did not know.

The next morning was constitution, and that was just as bad. I was not sure of a single answer, and I will admit right now it did me good to see Mabel Muriel Murphy and Maudie

Joyce chewing their pen-holders the way I was doing. They looked worried to death. But Kittie was writing away so hard you could have heard her pen if you were in the hall, and so was Mabel Blossom. Mabel's whole face shone the way it does when she is interested, and all her teeth showed—both rows—and she beamed on Kittie James, and their pens scratched away together like a duet. They finished at eleven, and were excused, and went out into the grounds and sat under a tree where we could all see them, and they told stories and laughed, and Kittie held Mabel's hand every minute. Somehow, all I could think of was about how sharper than a serpent's tooth an ungrateful child is. I could not remember much of the constitution, but, of course, I did my best.

In the afternoon we had algebra, and I seemed to be very rusty on that, too. You see, algebra is a thing you can't talk about in a general way in answer to questions, and that made it harder. I got bluer and bluer and bluer, and it was five o'clock when I handed in my paper and staggered from the room. Sister Irminger let me have the extra hour, and she let Mabel Blossom have it, and Mabel Muriel Murphy, too. Kittie was through at four, and so was Maudie Joyce. They went off together, and Kittie patted my back and left three chocolate creams on my desk, but they did not help much. What are chocolate creams when the heart is breaking and disgrace stares one in the face!

That night I locked myself in my room, and I studied and studied the subjects that were to come the next day. I was afraid the girls might come, but they did not. Kittie and Maudie Joyce were making Welsh rarebit, and the other girls were studying just as I was. They told me so afterwards.

The next morning I cheered up a good deal, for the examination was in Latin, and as soon as I read the questions I saw I was all right. So then I remembered to sit properly in my seat and keep my features smoothed out, which I had forgotten about for two days, and by eleven

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my paper was finished. Kittie's was, too, so we went out together, and I realized that she was sweet and good at heart, though sometimes a thoughtless child. Just as I closed the door I looked back and saw all too plainly that despair had claimed for its very own my dear friends Mabel Blossom, Maudie Joyce, and Mabel Muriel Murphy. It was sad to see them suffer, so Kittie and I sat on the rustic seat where they could see us and be cheered up by the sight of our happiness. And we laughed a great deal, for Kittie is very entertaining at times, and this was one of them.

In the afternoon we had physiology, and I got nervous. It looked as if Sister Irmingarde had taken the trouble to pick out questions we never heard of. I was pretty sure of two or three, and I guessed at several more, but there were three I didn't even try to answer. I chewed my penholder worse than ever, till there wasn't much left of it. By and by Sister Irmingarde came to my seat and handed me a fresh one. She smiled as she did it, in the sweetest way, and her eyes showed that she was sorry for me. A great big lump came into my throat, and at that very minute Maudie Joyce and Kittie James handed in their papers and

left the room, and sat on that old bench where we could see them. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my eyes. I couldn't help it. Then I remembered that a general's daughter must be brave, and that moral courage is as commendable as physical, because papa says so, and I straightened up and wrote what I knew, which was not much, I can tell you. That ended the examination, and I was glad, for, however it was going to turn out, it was a comfort to have it over.

That evening Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel and Maudie all came to see me, but we didn't say much about the examination. Mabel's eyes showed that she had been crying, and Mabel Muriel looked as pale as death. Maudie was very silent but more queenly than ever. She said she had almost decided to go home at once, as she had a kind of feeling that her dear mother needed her. Mabel Muriel broke out suddenly and said she had disgraced Sister Edna, but she did not explain her enigmatic remark. Finally Mabel Blossom began to cry and ran from the room, and pretty soon the others went, too, and I was left alone with my sad thoughts.

I will pass over the next few days. They haven't anything to do with

this chapter. But the Monday after the examination Sister Irmingarde addressed the class. She said the examinations had been one of surprises, and the results in some cases "were unprecedented in the history of St. Catharine's." She said the highest class average had been won by a student whose standing hitherto had been very low, and other students from whom much had been expected had failed ignominiously. She said she would read the standings first and add a few words of comment. Then she read them.

"The first and best," she said, "is Miss Katharine James, whose record, in view of her past work, is most remarkable and highly gratifying to us all. On a scale of one hundred, Miss James secured ninety-eight in rhetoric, ninety-seven in Latin, ninety-seven in history, ninety-six in physiology, and ninety-two in algebra—giving her a general average, in the six studies, of ninety-six per cent. This average had never before been equalled at St. Catharine's."

Well, before I knew it I jumped to my feet and began to cheer, for I forgot all about my examination for a minute, and all I thought of was how well Kittie had done. At the same instant Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel jumped up, too, and all the other girls joined in, and every girl was on her feet, and there was an uproar of cheers and applause. For a minute Kittie looked scared to death. Then she put her head down on her desk and cried—hard. Sister Irmingarde let us yell for a moment, and she waited with that lovely smile of hers. Then she lifted her hand, and a hush fell right off, and we sat down. I tell you we mind her!

"The rest," she said, "is not so pleasant, and I fear it will disappoint some of you."

Then, in a very matter-of-fact voice, just as if it was not a tragedy at all, she read out our standings—Maudie's, Mabel Blossom's, Mabel Muriel's, and mine, and this, alas! alas! alas! is what they were:

MISS MAUDE JOYCE:

Rhetoric	52
History	51
Latin	56
Constitution	56
Algebra	98
Physiology	95
General average, 68 per cent.	

MISS MAY IVERSON:

Rhetoric	98
Latin	94
History	52
Constitution	50
Algebra	58
Physiology	58
General average, 67½ per cent.	

(Continued on page 19)



"We both finished at eleven o'clock—and went out in the hall and hugged each other hard—"

A FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 8)

"Well done!" he said, approvingly. "Where do those hands get the strength?" For they were little and slim and white as could be, but wiry, he saw at a second glance, and powerful.

"I have a pony at home," she said, "but I can only drive in the park, and not fast there. At Shelton, where we go in the summer, I drive the pair almost every day. Are there dogs at the farm?"

"Lady has four collie pups," he said. "Do you like dogs, too?"

"Love them!" she beamed back at him. "I can't have one in the city, but I can have one of my own up here, can't I?"

"Two, if you like," he answered, with a laugh. He was delighted with William's girl already.

As they drove through the wood road, every mile of which found her more impressed with its beauty, he told her a little of how the farm had grown from the small place she had seen ten years ago. "And we've all grown farmers, too, you know," he warned her, with a smile. "I'm afraid the boys haven't the best of manners, my dear. And we've all got a little rusty—not but what I've done the best I could for them. We've got more books than most farmers, and there's a fine academy in the next town, Doverly, and the children have had plenty of schooling. We get into Doverly for a lecture and a concert now and then, and what with the scholarship at Yale your father got for Walter and the place he's promised William, Jr., I'm not afraid for the boys. Sadie, now—"

He paused, and the girl, with William's capable air, pulled the chestnuts around the corner.

"Sadie?" she repeated, "how is Sadie? Is she as pretty as ever?"

He smiled in a puzzled way. "Oh, yes," he answered, "she's pretty. I guess. She'll be surprised to see you," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. And no more than that would he say.

They drew up with a flourish before a rambling, well-kept lawn, and a shingled white house setting well back from it. Comfortable barns stretched behind, and a level croquet ground, with four fat puppies scrambling after the balls, gave it a pleasant air. A colored hammock flapped in the steady breeze, and the neat paths around the house were beautifully graveled. Harriet's smile was admiring as well as welcoming.

"Isn't it nice! Isn't it pretty!" she said, turning to see the lovely green

hills roll off before her and the silver Connecticut gleam among the trees far away.

"We think it's pretty nice," returned Uncle Tom. "Here, Mother! Here's Harriet!"

Out came Aunt Mary, placid and comfortable and unchanged, Harriet thought. Behind her two tall, handsome boys, a little awkward, a little defiant at the prospect of this metropolitan cousin, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy in their warm hand-shakes.

"I'm so glad to come! I—oh see the puppies! The darlings! I am to have one, Walter. Uncle Tom says I am!"

The ice was broken. Instantly four puppies were swarming in her lap, and two admiring boys were disputing over the best one for her. The praises of her fine driving completed her conquest, and she was booked for a run with the buckboard that night. They led her in, and she smiled with pleasure at the comfortable homely sitting-room. It was not the common farmer's parlor—far from it. On the stained floor a delicious rug of rag carpet, dull and soft, was stretched; stained pine cases held a goodly array of well worn books; a heavy mahogany dining-table had been turned into a writing-desk and sewing-stand and book-shelf combined, and comfortable chairs, with an old enormous settle which faced the large hearth, completed the furnishing. There were none of the cheap knick-knacks and photographs, tidies and chromos, that during the last generation crept in to spoil the old-time living room. The few pictures were as good as those that hung on the walls at Harriet's home, for her mother had selected both. And she could catch the glimmer of a white cloth and shining glasses from the dining-room that showed, if nothing else had told her of it, the simple good taste that managed her aunt's house. Up the broad low stairs that led to the bed-rooms she walked, vaguely conscious of a peaceful ease, a quiet living, that the bustling avenue house lacked. She remembered that Uncle Tom had been quite a poetic scholarly fellow, and she caught the effect of his taste in the plain dark colorings of the inside of the house and the rich riot of old-fashioned flowers and well-placed trees outside.

Her own room, with its rag rugs, snowy bed, quaint old green wooden furniture, and the old willow toilet-set that her quick eye told her was very valuable—it had been Grandmother Hoyt's—delighted her. The soft fragrance of lavender and mignonette, the latter in a dear old yel-

low bowl on the bureau; the few engravings of country scenes, "The Wayside Brook," "The Old Well," "The Stepping-Stones;" the soft country air stirring the curtains; the puppies yelping below, the jingle of cow-bells as the slow, sleek creatures came home to be milked, all filled her breast with a great comfort.

"I have come home!" she said, with a pretty little gesture of friendliness to Aunt Mary, who with old-fashioned hospitality, had come up with her to help her unpack. The kindly woman's eyes filled with tears. "Dear child," she said, kissing her again, "only make it home and we shall be very pleased and happy. Your Uncle Tom is brighter than he's been for a month, to see you. He's been feeling a little low for a while about Sadie—"

"Why, where is Sadie?" cried the girl. A girl cousin of her own age, almost, was the only thing needed to complete this dear, wholesome, pleasant household. "Why didn't I see her?"

"She said perhaps you'd rather wait till you'd be rested awhile and get unpacked," said Aunt Mary doubtfully. "I don't know as I ought to have come up myself, but it seemed as if 'twas just as well—"

"It was the only thing to do! It was sweet of you!" cried the girl, with a vague resentment at this cousin who could not welcome her simply, like the others. She began unpacking quickly, shaking out and putting away, talking all the while. An armful of magazines came out for Uncle Tom—*Century*, *Scribner*, *Harper*, *Outlook*, *Atlantic*—all the month's publications. A box of Huyler's for Aunt Mary, whose sweet tooth was a family joke; a pocket camera for William, from William, Sr., the label explained; a fountain pen for Walter, "to take his examinations with," and last of all, a square flat package tied in white tissue with narrow violet ribbon.

"This is for Sadie," with a little blush, "I made them myself."

Aunt Mary went to the hall, a chocolate peppermint in each hand.

"Sadie! Sadie! come and get your present!" she called. Walker was scribbling happily with the pen, and William had taken two ecstatic pictures of lady and the pups before a gentle knock at the half-open door called Harriet from the willow toilet-set. "Come in!" she answered, splashing vigorously, "Aunt Mary?"

"Excuse me, no, it's I, Sadie—I'll go if—if you're engaged," a high, sweet voice drawled at her. Harriet, buried in a towel, looked through dripping eyes at her cousin,

(Continued on page 17)

Edited by
Agnes
Donaldson

SCOUTING NEWS FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

Gazette Bldg.
Colorado
Springs, Colo.

OUR EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

Just as soon as school closed the employment bureau became very busy, and positions of all sorts have been filled by the scouts. They have done especially well in caring for children, and helping with the house work. We are glad to have been able to place so many girls, and in this way a number of Scouts have been enabled to earn their money for camping expenses.

THE INTER-TROOP CONTEST CLOSURES

The eleven Colorado Springs Scout troops have been competing with each other for three months in a contest in which they were marked on the following basis: Attendance, 10%; Punctuality, 10%; character of meeting, 20% scout work, 80%; inspection or good deeds, 15%; home work, 15%.

Oak Troop, No. 1, made the highest record, with an average of 98 $\frac{3}{4}$ points. The scouts of this troop have done excellent work, and have shown a most enthusiastic Scout spirit. Poppy troop was second, with 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ points, and Violet was third, with 91 points. The Silver Spruce Troop had an average of 86 $\frac{1}{2}$. All the troops did well in the contest, and the close averages illustrate the keen competition which existed. The contest lasted from March 1st to June 1st. The winning troop has been awarded a Scout Honor Banner, marked with their name.

THE RALLY

On May 22d a big Rally was held in the high school auditorium, and each troop presented some sort of a stunt. A prize of a leather "Log Book" was given to the troop having the best stunt. This was awarded to the Poppy Troop for a play called "The Magic Poppy," which was written by the Troop Lieutenant, Miss Julia Hemp. The other stunts were: An exhibition of a troop opening meeting, given by the Oak Troop; "Ten Little Darkies" turned out to be the Scouts of the Kinnikinnik Troop; Pine Troop was shown on a picnic, roasting weenies, when suddenly a ghost appeared and frightened them

away; the Jonquil Troop depicted a day at the Scout Camp; Violet Troop had a "Movie Dream," and certain well-known stars were shown in most realistic manner; the Holly Troop had a very amusing "Backward Wedding;" the Scouts of the Forget-me-not Troop showed their "Great Aunt Deborah"—how many more things girls can do now than they could in her time. The Columbia Troop was very dramatic in a pantomime entitled "Mary Jane;" the Silver Spruce Troop presented a fairy play, and the Flag Troop was shown in a camp fire scene, when they proved themselves to be very fine singers.

The stunts were followed by a regular Rally program and the presentation of awards to the following: First class badges, Marjorie Mason, Virginia Manning, Dorothy Rehm,



Colorado Girl Scouts make splendid wood cutters—watch them handle the saw!

all of the Silver Spruce Troop, Myrtle Curtis of the Jonquil Troop, Caroline Sunderlin and Mary Beeson of the Oak Troop, Grace Berkley, Evelyn Harless, Marian Paul and Virginia Russell of the Poppy Troop.

Cooking merit badges were awarded to Natalie Carroll and Helen Brown of the Holly Troop, Buelah Harless of the Jonquil Troop, and invalid cooking to Evelyn Harless of the Poppy Troop.

Automobile merit badges were awarded to Captains Madeline Connell, Hope Allen and Charlotte Kissel, and to Scouts Marian Paul and Katherine Pauly of the Poppy Troop, Virginia Kaufman of the Oak Troop, and Margaret Wells of the Holly troop.

Perfect attendance badges went to Captain Madeline Connell, Scouts Dorothea Dudley and Margaret Poley of the Holly Troop, and Frances Merrick of the Poppy Troop. Lorraine Elser of the Poppy Troop received a 90% attendance badge.

Needlewoman merit badges were presented to: Margaret Poley of the Holly Troop, and Louise Husung, Mary Beeson and Caroline Sunderlin of the Oak Troop.

Margaret Poley of the Holly Troop also received a gardening merit badge and a child care merit badge. Louise Husung was awarded a child care badge.

CAMP

Four miles from the car line, up the beautiful Bear Creek Canon, and in the very midst of mountains, there is a comfortable log cabin. This is to be the dining-room and living-room for the Girl Scout Camp. The cabin was built for the Boy Scouts by the Rotary Club, but as the boys' camps are over by July first, the girls have rented it for July. The camp is to be divided into periods of one week each, and only the First Class Scouts have the privilege of staying longer than one week. All Scouts who attend must have passed their Tenderfoot tests.

OUR SUMMER HEAD-QUARTERS

Through the generosity of the school board the Girl Scouts have been given the use of the High School Domestic Science Cottage, for their headquarters during the summer months. This cottage is a "model home" and is splendidly equipped in every way. In the kitchen there are cooking accommodations for twenty girls, and there are sewing machines and a laundry, as well as the bed-rooms, dining-room, and cozy living-room, with a fireplace. The Scouts are planning to use this living room as a library and club room, and there are to be cooking and sewing classes there during July and August. This is giving us a wonderful chance to win merit badges, and we hope to have some golden eaglets soon.



SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—

RIDGE SPRING, S. C.

A very successful, though easily gotten up, entertainment was given by the Girl Scouts of Ridge Spring.

First, the mayor of the town gave a talk on the organization of the Girl Scouts, telling of their work, pleasure and laws, and the ultimate object of the movement, and offering an opportunity for other girls to join.

The next number was a camp scene. Almost every feature was taken from the incidents happening at Camp Pleasant Hollow, where the girls spent a delightful weekend in the summer. They wore uniform middies and bloomers. The stage was decorated with pine trees and vines. First, the camp fire was made. Then all gathered around it, told jokes, gave recitations, and sang scout songs to popular tunes. One girl got up and with the signal flags signalled "We are Girl Scouts of America." This showed up well. The lights in the auditorium were turned out, and the stage was lighted by the camp fire and lanterns. A full moon also shed its soft rays on the scene making it a very pretty one. Even the screech owl was there making the girls turn their pockets inside out and put rocks in the fire. When it was nearly time for taps the lieutenant brought in apples, peanuts and marshmallows, and everyone enjoyed the feast. As soon as the warning whistle was blown the girls gathered at the front of the stage and sang "How're you goin' to keep us happy at home after we've been at camp." The curtain was then pulled. This scene was immensely enjoyed by the audience as shown by the vigorous applause it received.

During the intermission between the first and second numbers a brief Red Cross talk was given.

Just as we were about to put on the second number the lights went out, and we did not know what to do, but finally decide to make use of the lanterns that we had for the camp scene. We put lanterns and lamps along the front of the stage as "foot-lights," and the effect was splendid.

When the curtains were drawn again the stage was cleared. One of the girls, dressed in a pale green crepe paper dress, crossed the stage to the piano, and began a march. From each side came four girls

dressed in bright colored crepe paper dresses, carrying tambourines with long ribbon streamers to match. The girls marched with a "peppy" step, and went through a pretty drill very snappily and perfectly, and were vigorously encored.

The remainder of the evening was given over to an auction sale of boxes of lunch. All of the boxes were artistically decorated and were displayed throughout the evening. About \$55 was cleared, although no admission was charged. The boxes brought this much.

The girls were proud of the fact that they made such a success, for the town is very small, and the crowd was not very large because of a conflicting basketball game.

MIRANDA STUCKEY, *Patrol Leader,*
Troop I, Patrol I.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.

The Daisy Troop of Girl Scouts which is the first to be organized in Unionville, Connecticut consists of sixteen members.

They recently invited Troop 1 Boy Scouts to a fancy dress party, each troop entertained the other the other with stunts and races of all kinds. After the games and dancing the girls gave a treat of ice cream and cake.

The past few months we have used our motto daily "Do a good turn" by making over one hundred scrap books which we sent to St. Francis and the Hartford Hospital for the Children's Ward.

We have had several cooking lessons, sewing and First Aid. All the girls are Tenderfoot, and several have passed their Second Class Test. Two girls are working for the Golden Eaglet.

G. H. & A. E.
Scout Scribes

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS.

A report on the May breakfast given by the Girl Scouts on the morning of May 1 at Masonic Temple shows that about 400 people were served. The receipts from the breakfast and the selling of May baskets amounted to \$267.87 and the expenses were about \$80 which leaves about \$190 on hand. It was voted to deposit \$150 of the sum in the bank to draw interest and this money will be used sometime in the future to purchase a cottage for the Girl Scouts.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts celebrated the third anniversary of their organization in Buffalo at Hutchinson High School, Sunday afternoon, May 9th.

This afforded an opportunity for the community to get in touch with the Girl Scouts and understand the nature of their work. The program opened with a model scout meeting with eight scouts in patrol formation. The girls repeated the ten laws, which are the embodiment of the ideals which are the very soul of Scouting.

A splendid exhibition in signalling by Continental Morse and semaphore was given. A knot-tying contest showed another interesting part of scout craft.

The practical nature of scout work was demonstrated in the little scene where Girl Scouts proved their ability as home helpers in child-care nursing the sick and injured. Especially efficient work was done in putting on splints and bandages.

The Rev. John Ford Leffler brought an inspiring message of "Service for Home and Country." He spoke of the Girl Scouts as having the pioneer spirit which meets difficulties by overcoming them.

Miss M. Clarine Bonnar, Local Director, gave a report on the growth of Girl Scouts in America. She said there are 34 troops in Buffalo and seven others in Erie County.

Scout Commissioner, Mrs. Frank A. Abbott, presented 22 second class badges and 73 merit badges which were given in various lines of activities. Mrs. Abbott explained the requirements for winning each badge.

Much enthusiasm was expressed when a Golden Eaglet was awarded to Mrs. Emil John, Captain of Troop No. 13 who has won 16 merit badges and to Scout Ruth Lazarus of Troop No. 7 who has won 21 badges. A Thanks Badge was awarded to Mrs. Frank Fiske, Jr., for the courtesies she has extended Girl Scouts.

The development and substantial growth of the Girl Scout organization is indicative of its wholesome qualities. As an educational, uplifting factor has certainly proved itself to be an invaluable asset to the community. The group spirit forms an ideal background for progress. Initiative and leadership are stimulated, service promoted, and good deeds inspired. M. C.

—AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



THE GIRL SCOUTS OF SIBERIA

"Kak' Pozharvaiatzi?"

"Voi Zaftrekoli?" inquired a nice-looking girl.

The stranger turned as he descended from the queer little train which had puffed up to the station, and from which he had just stepped out onto the long rough platform roofed over with a long shingled roof.

The speaker was a Russian girl about twelve years of age. She stood, drawn up at full height, with her hand to her head as in military salute. She was dressed in a simple, and even rough looking, uniform of olive-drab with a close fitting cap, not unlike that worn by the Russian peasant soldier, but she gave the impression, because of the dignity of her manner and erectness of her bearing, of being very earnest and official.

In reply to her question, which was asked in a low musical voice, the stranger smiled and shook his head, with a gesture which indicated that he did not understand. Quickly the girl nodded and made a sign for him to wait. In a couple of instants she came back accompanied by another girl, wearing a similar uniform and slightly younger in appearance, who addressed him in broken English.

"My comrade asks you how you are and whether you have had breakfast," she demanded in very broken English. "If not we would like to serve it to you. You should be very hungry and 'fatigue' after so long journey in cold and without sleep."

The stranger followed his little guides into the station building where they led him to a rough canteen. After his first sip of coffee he settled himself and looked at his two little guides. "Tell me who in the world you are," he said. "Such angels of kindness to a stranger who is hundreds of miles away from the farthest point in the world."

The girls drew themselves up and saluted. "We are Girl Scouts of the City of Irkutsk, which as you know, is the great capitol and center of Siberia. We have been coming to meet the trains all during the long period of the war, hoping that we might be of use to strangers who needed help. We heard that your great country was going to send you to us and we have been expecting you and looking for you. We are so



A Russian Girl Scout and Boy Scout in native costume.

glad to have some one come to us to help in the suffering and distress of our city. There are many girls and boys here who want to learn how things are done in your great country of which we hear such wonderful things, and we are ready to help you."

The above is the experience of an officer of the American Y. M. C. A. who was sent in March, 1918, to Irkutsk, the capitol of Siberia, and five days' journey from European Russia, to do general relief and welfare work. Captain Courageous, as we may call him, spent over a year at Irkutsk. Further acquaintance with the little Siberian Scouts revealed the fact that Scouting had been started in Irkutsk some time before. Some one had gotten hold of a copy of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's English Manual for the Boy Guides and had translated it into Russian and, following this as best they could, the children had organized themselves into Boy and Girl Scout Troops.

Captain Courageous found some three troops of Girl Scouts, several troops of Boy Scouts, but most of the troops were made up of Boys and Girls together. About three hundred children had joined the organization. There were a few scout masters, but these were not trained and knew very little of the technique or principles of scouting. The uniform is a very rude affair not standardized at all. The girls wear short skirts, a sort of trench cap like those worn by the soldiers. For the most part they have made their suits themselves out of a sort of greenish grey, or olive drab khaki.

The Scouts had a summer camp on the shores of Lake Baikal, a beautiful lake not far from the city of Irkutsk where they camped for most of the summer, using strange little tents with peaked roofs. Captain Courageous went with them to camp that summer and taught them many things they did not know. The boys and girls were like brothers and sisters in their work and play, about 100 of them together in the encampment. They are very fond of hiking, of nature study, of gathering mushrooms and other fungi, and of all athletics. They swim when the water in the lake is not too cold. The camp had its own council made up of boys and girls, and the American leader reports that the council meetings were very interesting and full of life. Everybody expressed an opinion and arguments lasted long and warm, but the general spirit was good. Russian boys and girls are thoughtful and independent in their thinking. They are much better at thinking than at doing. The American representative says that the American boy and girl loves to do things while the Russian boy and girl loves to talk about doing them.

He found that the Russian Girl Scouts of these troops come from the better class of homes in Irkutsk. They were extremely athletic and as hardy as boys, hiking, jumping, running, playing volley ball and skating superbly, of course. Quaintly enough he found them very fond of the old fashioned game of croquet which is played in a very small area, more like parlor croquet.

These Russian girls are not domestic and their scouting program did not include any domestic training. Captain Courageous, who had been a scout leader in the United States before he went to Russia, felt that this was all wrong and he talked to them about the American girls who loved to do domestic womanly things and how merit badges are earned by them in cooking, child nursing, laundry work, First Aid, dressmaking and other domestic subjects. The Russian girls, belonging to the intelligentsia had all come from families with means, although many of them had become poor since the Russian revolution. They despise work, however, having always had servants to look after their personal wants. Captain Courageous showed them that this was a poor ideal to keep alive in a country now wanting to become a

(Continued on page 20)

Our Party Page



A PAPER BAZAAR

At this time when there's such a demand for paper it might prove very profitable for any Girl Scout Troop to hold a paper bazaar at which only paper articles are for sale.

The booths should be decorated with crepe paper flowers—wistaria, chrysanthemums, wild roses and sweet peas are easy to make. The girls should wear caps, aprons and collars of paper corresponding in color to the booth in which they work. Japanese lanterns should be strung around the lawn, which add greatly to the occasion.

Any troop of Girl Scouts should be able to make the articles to sell—such as shaving balls, pantry shelf papers, doilies, napkins, flower pot holders, sachets, paper dolls with dainty wardrobes, and strings of fascinating beads, etc.—some suggestions are given below.

Sprays of flowers painted in the corner of white or dainty envelopes, which are filled with cotton scented with sachet, prove very attractive sachets for handkerchief cases. Larger ones for bureau drawers can be made also of flowered crepe paper—filled with scented cotton.

Of course, every girl can make such charming gowns for beautiful paper dolls that the little folks will not be able to resist them. All that is needed, here, is paper and a box of paints with a goodly bit of imagination. Nearly every troop has one artist who can do the actual drawing while others do the painting.

Fascinating candle shades will prove popular. Wire frames can be purchased very cheaply at any department store and shades cut to fit them, using common paper for a pattern. Plan your design before cutting the colored paper. A plain orange shade with a black border top and bottom is very effective for a dining-table. Daintier shades may be made with delicate colored paper—some with ruching on top and bot-

tom, or anyone who is clever with their fingers can arrange flowers of crepe paper to cover the plain shade, giving a soft light. Avoid greens and blues, using rather the warm glowing colors—yellow, red or rose.

Many varieties, shapes and sizes of bonbon or almond holders are sure to be in demand. Small boxes can be covered with crepe paper, flowered or plain, with twisted handles.

Samples of score cards and place cards for parties should be shown and orders taken.

Paper shopping bags are quite the vogue and can be bought very cheaply and decorated with an entire picture taken from a magazine cover or figures cut out and pasted on with a few strokes of painting for a background.

Charming silhouettes for lamp shades or bags can be made by tracing dancing figures on white paper and cutting them out of black paper.

Neat square boxes containing half a dozen paper plates, lily or folding

paper cups, napkins and a table cloth are very useful picnic sets and will be easily sold.

Beads, which are worn so much this year, will please both the young and old. Take colored pictures, magazine covers do very well, and cut them in strips, being sure to have one end straight and the other coming to a point. These strips may be as long as you want according to the size and shape of the bead you wish. It would be well to experiment pretty carefully before you go ahead with the good paper. Roll the paper strips over a knitting needle and when you have it shaped, paste the end so that it won't unroll. As soon as the paste is dry dip them in white shellac and allow them to harden thoroughly. Then they may be strung in all sorts of lengths and ways. There will be no difficulty in selling these!

All sorts of pictures may be for sale, both passe-partout and framed. Post cards may be cut up for puzzles.

Books, both second hand and new, may be sold, and at this table also it would be wise to have book marks.

Subscriptions can be taken for magazines and you may even procure some of the most popular ones and have them for sale.

Waste paper baskets cut from cardboard and tied together with tape or ribbon, and painted or decorated with pictures, will prove both useful and ornamental gifts.

Of course there are flags, fans and favors of all kinds, as well as fascinating caps which will add greatly to the gaiety of the occasion, when purchased and worn by the customers.

The candy should be attractively displayed and then again you may dress lolly pops in fluffy crepe paper gowns, painting them with quaint little faces. The scouts will love to make the candy.

The punch or lemonade booth and ice cream table are easy to fix, and if it is a hot night there is no doubt but profits will be high.

All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. This is proved by the number of requests we receive at Headquarters for entertainment material. We have therefore decided to give every month in *The American Girl* a number of party suggestions. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 12)

with a sinking heart. She saw a girl, tall and slender like herself, but fair, with deep violet eyes and almost flaxen hair. Her soft, pink cheeks were dusted with powder. Harriet saw in an amazed glance; her pretty yellow hair was curled and frizzled to stand out an inch beyond either ear, and piled in a somewhat mussed fashion on top of her head; one wrist bore a dozen slender silver bangles, the other two heavy chain bracelets. A large topaz ring on one hand and a garnet and an amethyst on the other, with an old-fashioned gold watch suspended from a cheap filigree chatelaine, completed her jewelry. She wore a blue lawn sprinkled with heavy white scrolls, ruffled with white cotton lace, and finished with a broad lace collar and blue ribbon. She seemed utterly out of place in this plain, quiet, out-of-doors family, and Harriet felt in a moment the meaning of the doubtful expression on Aunt Mary's face, the uncertain smile on Uncle Tom's, when they mentioned Sadie. Nevertheless, the girl was strikingly pretty and graceful, she saw, and her cheap, tight dress had a certain effect of its own—one knew perfectly well what she had intended it should be like.

As Harriet came forward to kiss her she raised one arm to the level of her shoulder and extended her hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you," she drawled, with a perfunctory little smile. "Did you have a hard journey?"

Harriet could not restrain a smile. "Not at all, thank you," she replied, politely, taking the hand, "it is a lovely country, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I am sorry not to be dressed," she added, as Sadie turned to go, apparently, "but won't you stay? I'll be ready in a minute," turning to the closet.

With courtesy satisfied Sadie was glad to stay, and looked longingly at the closet. "May I see your clothes? Are you all unpacked?" she asked, eagerly.

Harriet looked rather surprised. "Why, certainly," she said, "only there's not much to see. I've only one trunk."

"Oh!" cried her cousin, "only one?" and before Harriet could answer her she was in the closet. As their owner had said, the clothes were not much to see. There were half a dozen shirt-waists, a dark short skirt of some tailor stuff; a pretty pale organdie with mauve ribbons, and two light gingham—that was all. Sadie fingered them a little, and turned away with a disagreeable little smile. So Uncle William

was miserly, then! She had more of a closetful than that herself. She did not know that both the stiff, short skirt and the brown silk-lined suit were tailor-made; that the mauve organdie was worn over an exquisite silk slip; that one gingham had bits of real Cluny lace at throat and wrist, and that the tiny bands of insertion in the other were extremely lovely. She thought hastily that Cousin Harriet found anything good enough for the country, while as a matter of fact her cousin had brought, simply enough, of the best she had.

"Haven't you a white duck?" asked Sadie quickly. Harriet wondered at her interest, but replied politely, trying not to show her disappointment at her cousin's air:

"I have three suits, but Mamma thought they would be unsuitable to bring. They must be washed so often, you know, and there might not be people who would know how—"

"Is this for me?" Sadie fell upon the package and tore off the paper and ribbon. Three long, scented pads, silk-covered and ribbon-bound, fell out. The silk was sprayed with violets, and violet ribbon bound it. A dainty odor of violet and orris filled the room.

"I made them; they're for your bureau drawer, you know; they keep the things sweet," said Harriet timidly, for she was just a bit afraid of her cousin.

"Thank you, it was very kind," returned the other shortly, and left the room, taking the sachets with her. Harriet was annoyed, but saved from real unhappiness by the sound of bureau drawers rapidly opened and shut. Sadie was hastening to put her gifts to their use, forgetting for the moment her rather exaggerated courtesy.

The bell ran for the substantial country supper, and as Farmer Hoyt looked up from the old-fashioned grace that he had learned from his father, he thought that the merry, hungry girl, looking over her gingerbread and milk with laughing eyes to tease Walter about his examinations and engage William to take her about the farm the next day, seemed far more in place than the daughter of the house, whom farm life plainly bored, and whose frizzled hair and jeweled hands contrasted so greatly with the smooth coils and bare fingers of the city cousin.

Harriet won fresh laurels from the buckboard drive, and went early to bed, sleepy already from the fresh country air. As she braided her brown hair, looking out at the dim black trees and listening to the peepers and bull-frogs in the pond

near, catching the sweet warm odor of the fields and flowers at every breath of wind, the girl realized that she had never liked any place so much. The spruce neatness of their summer cottage at the shore seemed tiresome to her in its likeness to the city home; the handsomely dressed women, the shine of the ocean, the babble of the crowds of children, the dress parade along the board walk, the dances and concerts at night, even, of which she had had little experience, were not worth this lovely dreamy quiet. The grave, pleasant eyes of her uncle; the motherly busy smile of her aunt; her tall young cousins' interest and admiration, all drew her to them. She saw a stretch of lonely, thoughtful days; of long conversation with Uncle Tom, whom she understood better than she had ever understood her business-like father; of housewifely duties, which had always attracted her, with Aunt Mary; of out-door life and sports with William and Walter.

And then she felt the one discordant note in all this—pretty, unsatisfied Sadie. She was a bright girl, almost clever, and how she loved the breath and glitter and business, the airs and graces, the fads and fashions, of the life she knew of but could not live! She was not vulgar at heart, only from lack of the very training that these simple souls could not give her. A year of city schools and city manners and customs would show this hungry, unsatisfied little imitator that there was work to be done, and lessons to be learned, and a sameness and regularity of its own in the existence she had evidently pictured to herself all charming whims and luxurious leisure.

A knock at the door and the girl herself entered, her pretty, flaxen hair all loose on her shoulders, her eyes noting with delight her guests' dainty ruffled nightgown.

"I want you to tell me all about it," she said coaxingly. "I want to know what you do all day, and about the people you see and—and everything!"

Harriet smiled. "I don't see very much. I've just left school, you know, and I had to study pretty hard; and the people—oh, they were my own friends and family friends—just like anybody," she concluded lamely.

As she saw the disappointment in Sadie's face she added: "I'm not out in society, you know, Sadie. I don't go to balls and such things, if you mean that. I was going to begin next year—" She paused as she noticed that she had said "was." Was

(Continued on page 21)

HELP SAVE THE BIRDS

A Girl Scout captain won, last year, the rarest and most beautiful distinction offered to the friends of wild life and the lovers of nature.

The winner was Mrs. Pamela J. Francisco, of Ridgewood, N. J., and the honor awarded her was the gold medal of The Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund.

Mrs. Francisco's achievement was in connection with the nation wide bird sanctuary campaign conducted by the Green Meadow Club of *The People's Home Journal*. This campaign has for its object the establishment of permanent refuges for birds in all sections of the country, where the feather friends of the nation's agricultural interests may be safe from molestation and may bring up their young in security to carry on the good work of destroying insect pests.

The Bird Sanctuary Campaign, inaugurated in 1917 as a war-time measure to help increase the food supply, and endorsed by Herbert Hoover, by George H. Roberts, British Food Controller, and by scores of United States senators and state governors, has already resulted in the establishment of over two and one-half million acres of bird sanctuaries.

Mrs. Francisco, herself, established 412 sanctuaries with an area of over 18,000 acres. An opportunity is offered to all Girl Scout troops to join in the work in which one of their number made such a remarkable showing last year.

Any Girl Scout who wishes to join in this patriotic undertaking on behalf of the birds in which all Girl Scouts are interested need only write to the Bird Sanctuary, editor of *The People's Home Journal*, 76 Lafayette St., New York City,

MEDALS OF MERIT

(Continued from page 4)

Gertrude Cook, Troop 1, Bowling Green, Ohio.
Helen Urschel, Troop 1, Bowling Green, Ohio.
Rena Ladd, Troop 1, Bowling Green, Ohio.
Helen Davis, Troop 1, Bowling Green, Ohio.
D. Bachman, Troop 2, Bowling Green, Ohio.
D. Boyle, Troop 2, Bowling Green, Ohio.
Elizabeth Burke, Troop 1, Westboro, Mass.
Genevieve Lantz, Troop 2, Somerville, Mass.
Anita Corley, Troop 3, Cambridge, Mass.
Marjorie Boulware, Troop 1, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Margaret McDermott, Troop 1, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Janet Barrere, Troop 1, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Blanche Newberry, Troop 5, Albany, N. Y.

Pauline Schenk, Troop 7, Albany, N. Y.

Work.

Eva Autch, Troop 8, Bronx.

Cornelia Smith, Troop 8, Bronx.

Marion Joyce, Troop 36, Bronx.

Estelle Schlieffstein, Troop 36, Bronx

WAR SERVICE AWARDS.

Virginia Hammond, Troop 19, Albany, N. Y.

Clara McCulla, Troop 14, Albany, N. Y.

Marjorie Hogan, Troop 14, Albany, N. Y.

Dorothy McCulla, Troop 14, Albany, N. Y.

Mira Miller, Troop 14, Albany, N. Y.

Louise Trash, Troop 14 Albany, N. Y.

Ruth Coe, Troop 14, Albany, N. Y.

Ethel Dale Laughlin, Troop 1, Princeton, N. J.

Katherine Foster, Troop 1, Princeton, N. J.

Rebecca Armstrong, Troop 1, Princeton, N. J.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Troop 1, Maplewood, N. J. with Brownie Troop, \$10.00.

Troop 1, Lubbec, Maine, \$1.25.

Troop 48, New York City, \$6.00.

Troop 37, New York City, \$30.00, for Manhattan Camp.

(Continued from page 8)

Gethsemane Church, Badges, Home Nursing.

It is gratifying to state that every member of the Home Nursing class who wrote the test passed high enough to merit a badge. Did you notice the variety in Interpreter's Badge?

Blue ribbons were awarded to the winners in the fifty yard dash, Carol Steffanson, and the three-legged race. Gertrude Allman and Grace Bart. The winners in the junior Semaphore contest, Goldie and Ruby Gottlieb, were much pleased with their prizes, the first new handbooks received in Minneapolis. Ethelwyn Sutton and Helen Krause who won in the senior signaling were presented with silver Scout rings.

Because of the postponement of Field Day, Captain Fisher of the Red Cross could not be present to conduct a demonstration in First Aid. The members of his class who were to be his helpers are quite proficient in bandaging. A demonstration in life-saving by Miss Burdick and an exhibition of archery by Miss Lolo Kinman were given.

HAPPY HOUSE

BY JANE D. ABBOTT

Frontispiece in color. \$1.60 net
J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers.

Brimful of good deeds prompted by the real love for people, and inspiring the reader towards the best things in life, this book has aptly been called "a sunshine story." It swings along with all the gusto that vivid, real, and energetic human beings put into life, and with all of its wholesomeness there is no hint of preaching.

Through the pleasing coincidence of bearing the same name, little, "Anne" Leavitt of New York—always called Nancy—and big "Anne" Leavitt of California, are drawn to each other, and form a beautiful friendship. Big Anne is obsessed with great longing for service. In two weeks she is starting for Siberia, and hopes, by teaching the peasant children, to bring to the pitiful captivity of Russian ignorance the enlightenment of American ideals. When Nancy is persuaded to accept Ann's invitation from a great-aunt whom she has never seen, and seldom heard of, the excitement begins.

Really Anne Leavitt, though not the one she is supposed to be, Nancy justifies her masquerade by the thought that she is helping her beloved chum and with divided feelings of curiosity and dread, journeys to Happy House, and begins her eventful life with its unhappy members. Her joyous, infectious spirits make her a real missionary as she brings sunshine into their proud, lonely lives. Her alternate fear of discovery and her growing love for these people is pictured as the unfolding of the story transforms the old mansion into a truly "happy house." Aunt Sabrina is won away from her musty traditions of dignity, and surprises the community as she opens up the house and finds joy in sharing her abundance with others.

Peter Hyde is an important figure. Ostensibly a hired man on a neighboring farm who has not served his country according to Nancy's ideals, she is impatient at herself for liking him. To tell how the author has untangled all the twists in this charming story and how developments fully justify the pretty romance between Peter and Nancy, would deprive the reader of getting this pleasure at first hand. The surprising revelation which makes it seemly that Nancy stay on with the members of Happy House whom she has learned to love so much, is the crowning climax in this beautiful story of adventure and love.

FIRST AID TO

KITTY JAMES

(Continued from page 11)

MISS MABEL BLOSSOM:

Constitution	99
History	62
Latin	63
Algebra	59
Physiology	61
Rhetoric	60

General average, 67 1/3 per cent.

MISS MABEL MURIEL MURPHY:

History	98
Constitution	56
Latin	54
Algebra	65
Physiology	61
Rhetoric	60

General average, 65 2/3 per cent.

The lowest general average, of course, on which you can pass the examination is seventy per cent. None of us had reached it. None of us had passed!

You could have heard a clothespin drop. I tried to keep my shoulders straight and my head up while I was listening to my standing, but it was hard work, and I did not dare to look at my dear, dear friends. But I could hear Kittie James sobbing all the time. Sister Irmingarde waited a moment, and then she spoke again.

"These four students, among our best in the past, as you all know have all failed—two in four and two in five studies out of six. However"—and she paused for a very, very long time, I thought—"in view of circumstances which have been brought to our attention, we have decided to give these students another opportunity to pass in these branches, if the class approves."

Then she went on to explain how we had helped Kittie James, and she said, with her dear little smile, "You will admit that they did it thoroughly"; and she added that "probably unconsciously" we had failed to prepare for our own examination. She pointed out that each of us had passed "triumphantly" in which we had coached Kittie, and that Maudie and I passed in two branches because we coached her in two. She said if the class as a whole felt that it would be just to give us a supplementary examination, say in six weeks, this would be done. Then the girls cheered more than ever, and the resolution was put and carried by a rising vote. I felt a big lump in my throat, worse than during the examination, and I guess the others did, too.

Kittie felt dreadfully, poor dear. She was still crying when she stood up with the rest. Sister Irmingarde told us afterwards that Kittie had told her all about us the night be-

fore, when Sister congratulated her on her splendid record and wondered why we had failed.

Well we all felt better right away. The girls were lovely to us, and so were the Sisters, though they seemed to be tremendously amused about something for days and days. We knew we could pass in six weeks if we studied, and I will mention, right here, that we did study, too, and we passed in the eighties, all of us.

That night we had a spread and a beautiful time to celebrate Kittie's triumph, but poor Kittie was not in it. She was in the infirmary. The doctor said it was "nervous exhaustion, due to unaccustomed and long-continued mental strain."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

When Captain Mundy from National Headquarters was in Rochester, she went down to the Deaf Mute Institute and interested them in forming a troop of Girl Scouts there. When she left the city she asked our Captain Miss Paris, to help them to organize when they were ready.

The teachers called the girls together to find out how many would like to be Scouts and found there were over forty of them so they asked Miss Paris to come down to help start the troop.

Miss Paris thought it would mean more to the girls if they could see what work the Girl Scouts did, so she asked sixteen members of our Troop to go with her and demonstrate some of the work.

Three of the mothers were kind enough to take us down in their machines, so we arrived there about 4:30. We had the opening exercises and then all signalled the Semaphore Alphabet with music. Some of the girls sent messages while one of the teachers told the girls what they were. And had some drilling and the other girls joined us. They seemed very much pleased that they could take part. It was rather hard for them at first, but after following us they did pretty well. They wanted us to play some games so we had some relay races which they watched with great enthusiasm. We had the closing exercises and while we were getting on our way, the girls formed in a straight line on each side of the sidewalk, standing at attention and saluting. We saluted them as we walked down the line and then went home in the machines. We afterwards learned it was the girls' original idea. It will be very nice if our girls help to form the troop.

A. B.

Scribe Troop 5.

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or CHARLOTTE L. PERRY, Manager,
1140 Grant Street Denver, Colo.

THE G. S. OF SIBERIA

(Continued from page 15)

democracy, and moreover, that they must learn to do service not only in their own homes, but in their community, if they really wished to put into practice the highest ideals of Scouting.

"American girls, however," says Captain Courageous, "could profit very much by the example of their Russian sisters in the matter of literary education, as they are all linguists, some speaking many languages, and many of them are taking degrees in the women's universities in Russia."

Captain Courageous, among other things that he did while in Irkutsk, organized a playground for the children of the city. He secured a large vacant block of land and built upon it a small house for use in rainy weather, and with the help of German prisoners, a number of swings, flying rings and vaulting bars, such as he had used on playgrounds in this country.

Thousands of children were on the playground every day, playing games, using the rings and swings and dancing their Russian folk dances, singing their peasant songs. In all of this work the Boy and Girl Scouts were the greatest help to the American superintendent. Whenever a new game was introduced, it was always taught first to the Boy and Girl Scouts and they, in their turn, taught all the other children to play it.

Irkutsk, a city of 150,000, changed hands five times during the war—finally becoming Soviet in its government. During all these years of upheaval, fighting and confusion, the Boy and Girl Scouts held together and strove to uphold the ideals of Scouting.

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M. W. Belcher, 6045 Main, Kan-
sas City, Mo.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 17)

her plan so settled, then? She asked
herself.

"Oh!" Sadie was frankly dis-
pleased. "Why, I'm only seventeen,
a year younger than you, and I left
school this year. Father didn't like
it, but I told him I'd read German
with Walter, and that I was old
enough. Don't you go to any parties?"

Harriet smiled at the almost child-
ish manner. "Why, yes, at Shelton
we dance twice a week, and in the
city there are little teas, and the
matinee, and—and—oh! Sadie, it's
all the same thing! It's not half so
nice as this!"

Sadie frowned. "It sounds lovely,
even the little bit you say," she
murmured to herself. "Do you give
teas?"

"Just to the girls, of course, but I
helped sometimes at Mamma's when
she wanted me to get used to talk-
ing to the people. I never knew
what to say at first," added Harriet
reminiscently.

Sadie's eyes flashed. "I should
love that!" she cried. "And I should
love to talk to them all, too."

Harriet thought that her mother
would have something to say as to
the extent of Miss Sadie's conversa-
tion, but did not reply.

When her cousin had left her
alone she thought very hard before
she fell asleep, and sent a photo-
graph and a letter to Shelton.

In a few days Aunt Mary and
Uncle Tom were meditating over a
letter from that seaside village.

"Since Harriet would really pre-
fer to wait a year before taking up
her social duties, and since the air
seems to agree with her so very well,
I am very glad to have her in such
good hands," the letter concluded.
"We cannot consent to no return,
however, and we shall be very
pleased to borrow Sarah for a year,
particularly as I understand from
Harriet that she is very anxious to
see something of city life and that
you would like her to have a year in
a good school. She can take Har-
riet's place at Mrs. Lee's and go
with Ethel, who will try to make it
pleasant for her, I am sure. I shall
do for her just what I did for Har-
riet last year, and only hope Harriet
can get her rosy cheeks under your
care."

(Continued on page 22)

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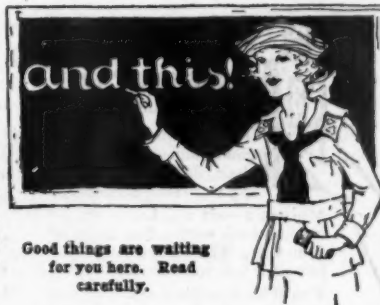
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A FAIR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 21)

Harriet found them reading it, and slipped up behind them.

"If you're sure you can bear me for a year," she began, but their faces answered her. She was at home.

For Sadie herself and her joy—but it needs another story for that. How Sadie found her new life is a tale by itself, and this is only the story of the city girl who found her grandfather's life the life for her. The great green, breezy, woody country, from which his son had long ago gone out, called his son's daughter back to itself, and gave her a royal welcome.

And with a vague feeling of all this Harriet left the uncle and aunt in the pleasant living room and ran happily out to Lady and her puppies.

"I didn't know city girls could be so jolly," said William, watching her with the dogs.

"She's not a city girl any more—she lives here now; she's just a farmer, like the rest of us," and Walter laughed at her. "Aren't you, Harriet?"

She laughed back and pinched the puppies' ears.

"Of course I am!" she said.

THE END

Watch for the story of what happened to Sadie in the city!

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